

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GARDEN SWING.

BY GEORGE G. SMALL.

O, it was a golden halo,
 One that never, never plays
 O'er the span of one's existence,
 Only in his childhood days.
 And it was amid this glowing,
 When our hearts were on the wing,
 That we fleetly swept the roses
 In our grand old garden swing.

'Neath the tree beside our cottage,
 When the summer day was done,
 Gathered we by happy numbers
 In the golden setting sun.
 Then the tune and childish chorus
 From the mountain back would ring,
 As we courted cooling zephyrs
 In our grand old garden swing!

Muse I often now in manhood
 On those joyous times of yore:
 Seem to see my father smiling
 On us from the cottage-door.
 Though life's summer time is with me,
 I can see its fairer spring;
 And behold my loves in childhood
 Gathered by the garden swing.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STEEPLE OF PLUMVILLE.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

"How are you, Mary? And how is Aunt Polly?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Crow; Aunt Polly is pretty well, I believe; but I have just this very minute got home. Walk in."

These words were spoken at the front door of an humble, but neat-looking cottage, in the outskirts of Plumville, the speakers being an elderly female of a peculiarly sombre appearance, and a pale but pretty maiden of perhaps twenty-two years of age.

Mrs. Crow was sombre-looking both in consequence of her exceedingly lugubrious expression of countenance and of "the customary suit of solemn black" in which she arrayed herself. No one had ever seen her in a light-colored garment, and her complexion was almost as dark as her dress; and even her hair had not grown perceptibly whiter for many years. In fact it looked as if it was keeping its original dark color from sympathy with the sable hue of everything about it.

"Good evening, Mrs. Brail," said she, as another female, some ten or twelve years younger than herself, met her at the door, and escorted

her into a little parlor, at the left of the entrance. It was a very humble room, but its perfectly clean and tidy appearance bespoke neatness and order on the part of the inmates. Mrs. Brail had a pleasant but very pale and rather sorrowful-looking countenance.

"Take off your bonnet, Mrs. Crow," she said, hospitably, but not very cordially; "we will have tea now in a few minutes."

"Well," replied the other, "I declare, now, I don't know as I can stay," (removing her bonnet as she spoke), "for the Widder Martin is expected to die every moment, and I was on my way over there, when I thought I would just run in for a minute or two, and cheer you up a little. And, to be sure, they are all at sixes and sevens, over there, and very little of anything good to eat a-going. Besides, their tea is awful bad. I wonder that a woman that can afford it, like Mrs. Martin, doesn't keep better tea. But she allers was close and saving all her life. Poor woman—it's little good it will all do her now! She can't possibly live more'n a few hours. Jist about your age, Mrs. Brail; aint she? And that cough of yours, too, is very much the same sort of a cough as she's got. I never do like to say anything to make people down-hearted; but you are a sensible woman, Mrs. Brail, and wont mind being told that you have the very exact look that Mrs. Martin had when she first began to fail. Yes, you've got the very same peaked look about the nose, and the very same black places underneath your eyes. Ah, well! we all must die, but I tell you, as a friend, that you've got no time to spare in making your preparations for the great change, for it's a comin' on you very fast, you may depend upon it. I'll take care to be about when the time comes, and you may trust me to have you laid-out properly. I know how it might be done."

Mrs. Crow had that *very uncommon* failing with elderly ladies—she loved to hear herself talk; and there is no telling where she would have stopped, if the tea and its accompaniments had not made their appearance and afforded employment for her talking apparatus of a still more agreeable character. Mrs. Crow liked to talk, amazingly, but she liked to eat even better, and a short respite was allowed to poor Mrs. Brail, the attack being diverted in the direction of the tea, bread and butter, etc. The onslaught was a most vigorous one, and protracted to the utmost verge of human endurance by the lugubrious lady. At last, however, a sigh of repletion announced that Mrs. Crow's appetite was gone, while at the same time it indicated the regret she felt that she had not another to take its place.

The tongue thus liberated began to wag, as naturally as water runs down hill.

"Not heard nothin' from Robert yet?" she inquired.

"Nothing," replied the poor widow, with a sigh from the inmost depths of her mother's heart.

"No, nor you never will hear nothing; though I s'pose you're hardly foolish enough to think that it's possible for him ever to come back again."

The widow answered only with another sigh.

"The boy's drowned—dead as a door-nail, long ago; and it wouldn't be no kindness for to try to persuade you for to believe anything else. The Lord gives and the Lord takes away, by shipwreck or otherwise; and you ought to resign yourself to the will of the Lord and prepare to follow him. I don't mean to follow him down there among the petrifyin' carcases and dead men's bones, down to the bottom of the sea—though they do say it haint got no bottom. What I mean is to follow him into the other world, any way it may please Him to take you—whether it should be through the means of that there church-yard cough of yourn or any other. But, bless my soul and body, there's eight o'clock a strikin'! I shouldn't wonder now if Mrs. Martin was to take it into her head to go and kick the bucket afore I got there, arter all! It would be jist like her. She allers did seem to take a satisfaction in disappointin' people."

And away went Mrs. Crow, as fast as she could waddle, for fear that death would get the start of her. Death-beds, and winding-sheets, and coffins, and funerals, were holiday matters to her, and she never allowed such pleasures to escape her, if she could possibly help it.

Poor Mrs. Brail! The reader need not be told that such a visit did not tend to cheer her. Good Mary Brent perceived the deepened shadow on her brow, and did her best to dispel it, though her own heart was but little blither. They were both mourners. One mourned an only and dearly beloved son; the other almost an only, and certainly a most dearly beloved, friend. The individual thus mourned and thus beloved, was Robert Brail. His father, like himself, was a sailor—captain of a merchantman. He was a worthy and a most energetic man, and if he had lived, the fortunes of those who bore his name would in all probability have been far different from what they now were.

But it was not so to be. In the opening of his days and at the very commencement of his career, he was suddenly cut down by the hand of the universal destroyer. His illness was a long and an expensive one, and at his death his wid-

ow and her little Robert were left without a penny, and without a friend who could assist them. Mrs. Brail herself had been a poor orphan girl, without any near relations. Her husband had come from a distant part of the country, and she knew little or nothing about his family and kindred. In these wicked times there is really something noble in the spectacle of a handsome young widow, toiling, virtuously, year after year, for a bare pittance wherewith to feed and clothe herself and her dependent offspring, while temptations in most alluring shapes swarm all around her. Such a one was Mrs. Brail. Many a weary year, of such patient toils and struggling for daily subsistence passed over her head.

The bitterest drop in the poor widow's cup of sorrow was the thought that she could not give her beloved boy even a common-school education. She struggled hard to accomplish that much, but the iron heel of circumstances kept her constantly down. Hers was the daily, nightly battle, with hunger, and cold, and every discomfort; and not always a successful one. And when, as often happened, sickness was joined to those grim monsters in array against her, the poor widow's heart almost failed her, and tempted her to self destruction.

Almost, but not quite. Religious principle was strong within her, and her darling smiled upon her in the very jaws of despair. But under such circumstances, the necessities of the mind were of course forced to give way before those of the body; and Robert, though well-trained to work, knew nothing of books.

The boy was strongly inclined to become a sailor, like his father, and as soon as he was old enough his mother yielded to his wishes, bitterly regretting, however, that his want of education must ever prove an insurmountable obstacle to his advancement. At twenty-two years of age, Robert Brail was a thorough practical seaman, but still "before the mast," and likely to remain there. At this time, however, an incident of some importance came to vary the even tenor of the family history.

Mrs. Brent, who had been a dear friend of Mrs. Brail in the days of her girlhood, wrote her a letter on her death-bed, in which she beseeched her to be a mother to her daughter Mary, her only child. Mrs. Brail most willingly accepted the sacred trust, and Mary Brent, far from being a burthen, proved to be the stay and comfort of her life, in the absence of her son. Though not exactly a beauty, Mary was a very pleasant-looking girl, warm-hearted, kind, good-tempered and industrious. She had received a very fair English education, and at the time of her mother's

death was trying to get an education as a teacher. Though not quite eighteen years of age, she was a better scholar than most common district-school teachers. Such a school was vacant in Plumville, and she had reason to think she could get it. Upon consultation with her new guardian and adviser, it was finally resolved that if the school could be obtained, Mrs. Brail should remove to Plumville, and Mary and she, throwing their resources into one common fund, should live there together. The school was finally secured, and the plan carried into effect.

When Robert next returned from sea, he had the gratification of seeing his mother installed in a new and comfortable home, and with a new and most agreeable companion.

"Mother," said Bob, as they sat at breakfast, the morning after his arrival, "it really does my heart good to see you so nicely moored, in such a snug harbor—and with such a nice little craft for a consort," he added, with a sly glance at Mary.

"Yes, my dear boy," replied the mother, "it was a kind providence that sent Mary to live with me. The dear girl is a comfort to me in every way, and by joining our little earnings we will be able to live better than I have done this many a day. If I could only see a reasonable hope of bettering your condition, my dear Robert, I should be perfectly satisfied and contented. Upon the whole, now, don't you think it would be better for you to quit the sea?"

"Quit the sea, mother?" cried the young sailor. "Bless my soul and body, you might just as well ask a whale or a porpoise to leave the sea as me! Either one of 'em could stay ashore just as well as I could."

"But don't you think, Robert, you could remain on land at least long enough to improve your education a little? The want of it, you know, is the only difficulty in the way of your becoming an officer."

"Ay, ay, mother; I know very well that's the place where the riggin' chafes. And I know too, that better larnin' is the only sort o' spun-yarn to *seize* it with. But where the dickens am I to find it, mother? How is Bob Brail to pay for schoolin', even if the time could be spared? And if there was no other difficulty, how do I know whether I could learn at all or not? Why mother, it's so long since I handled a book, that when I get hold of one I feel as awkward as a hand-lubber would a-tryin' to furl a royal. And as for writin'—you might as well send a baby aloft, in a gale o' wind, to pass the weather ear-ling. A year or two ago, I could build up a sort of a kind of a *pot-hooky* consarn that might pass

muster for Robert Brail; but now I can't even do that much not to save me from sinkin'."

"Well, Robert, what would you say if a person could be found who would undertake to teach you, in spite of all that, and trust you for the pay, too, until you could make it perfectly convenient to discharge the debt?"

"Say? I'd say he deserves to be made commodore of all creation; and if he ever finds his ship a sinkin', he can have Bob Brail's head to stop the leak with, just for the askin'. But you don't mean to say there raly is such a man—do you, mother?"

"No, Robert; there is no such a man; but there is such a woman, or girl, at least."

"How? What? You don't mean Mary? You don't mean Mary Brent, do you, mother?"

"I do mean Mary."

"Great guns and little fishes! But mother's a-jokin'. Isn't she jokin', Mary?"

"No, Robert; I will teach you all I know, most willingly. Nothing could give me more pleasure."

"Hooray! Hooray! Huzza for General Jackson! Please excuse me, Mary, but I'd bust right up, if I didn't holler a bit. But you don't know me, Mary. You'll have a tough job of it—indeed you will. There'll be no lack o' tryin'; but then you see I'm so rusty about such things—as rusty—as rusty—as—as one of old Captain Noah's ark-anchors. I hardly know one rope—I mean one letter—from another. But, bless your little heart, Mary, if you are willin' to try, I'll clap on stun'-sails, alow and aloft, every rag that'll draw; and if I sink a tryin', it will be because they run me under; and not because I don't try hard enough."

"I have no fears of the result," said Mary, with a becoming smile, and a still more becoming blush.

"Well, if you can only manage to beat a little writin' and rithmetic into my thick skull, I'll contrive to pick up a morsel o' *triggerometry*, or whatever you call it, and a little bit o' navigation, somehow or other—the book part of it, that is. If I can only get a start once, I can manage about the practice, easy enough."

"I can teach you theoretical navigation, Robert," said Mary, modestly.

"You? Well, may I never heave at a capstan, if you aint just the head-captain of all the little gals I ever did see, yet; the very Lord High Admiral of 'em!" shouted Bob, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm.

The whole affair was arranged on the spot, and the tuition was commenced that very day. It was the hardest work poor Bob ever did in his

life. The order to reef top-sails in a roaring gale would have been less formidable than many of the gentle Mary's calls for recitation. Not that there was any failure on his part to appreciate her amiable and attractive qualities. It was just the reverse. He had such an exalted opinion of her and so small an opinion of himself, particularly in the book-line, that he absolutely trembled in her presence; and to make a blunder in her presence, was not very unlike being broken on a wheel, as formerly practised.

This sensitiveness, however, had the effect of making him work like a steam-engine; and the consequences were such as to astonish even himself. In about half the time allotted for the purpose, he had acquired a very fair knowledge of writing and arithmetic, and of the elements of mathematics, including navigation, together with the rudiments of English grammar and geography. Above all, Mary had awakened within him a taste for reading and improvement, and excited a thirst for knowledge, which never could be quenched.

Comparatively learned as he had become, Bob did not by any means lose his humility. He still thought Mary as far above him as the heavens are above the earth, and this idea for a long time prevented him from hinting in words what his eyes had often told her, that is, that he loved her as his own life. He had resolved that before many years elapsed he would tread the deck with a speaking-trumpet in his hand instead of a rope's end, and then—perhaps—but it was time enough yet to think of all such far-away matters.

The fact is, Mary was certainly a most admirable girl, but Robert now was not unfit to be her husband. Thanks to the training of his excellent mother, the numberless temptations of a seaman's life had passed off from his character like water falling on a well oiled surface, leaving hardly a trace behind; and his intellectual abilities were by no means to be despised. Physically, his superior was hard to find anywhere. He was tall and finely-formed, with a frame combining strength and activity to an extent very seldom met with. In short, Bob was a man, every inch of him, and well calculated to attract the attention of the softer sex, under any circumstances whatever.

It was a sad day for three loving hearts, when the good ship Titan sailed from New York with Robert Brail aboard of her, bound for Canton. Bob was still "before the mast," but he had excellent opportunities for acquiring that knowledge which he felt sure would before long place him in a different position.

The captain of the Titan was one with whom

Robert had sailed before, and from whom he had experienced much kindness. He was glad to see the transformation which our hero had undergone, and promised to give him such assistance as would enable him before long to become as well skilled in navigation as he now was in practical seamanship. For the sake of these advantages, the young sailor did not hesitate to relinquish the efforts which he had been making to obtain a situation as a second-mate aboard of a small brig, and made the voyage to Canton.

Great was the widowed mother's joy when she received the first letter her boy had ever penned; and that of her friend Mary, if less demonstrative, was perhaps no less heartfelt and sincere. Three such letters had gladdened their hearts, and in a few months more the writer himself was to be with them.

Bob wrote that the captain had done all and even more than he had promised, and through his influence and his own merits combined, there was every prospect of his obtaining, for the next voyage, the place now occupied by the second mate of the Titan, who was far gone in consumption, and would hardly live to reach New York. From her son's wages, Mrs. Brail had reason to count upon a nice little addition to the family stock, for having acted as an officer during the greater part of the voyage, he was sure of receiving a considerable bonus in addition to his pay.

One day in the midst of these bright anticipations, Mrs. Crow appeared, like a bird of ill-omen, and, without preface or preparation, informed Mrs. Brail and Mary that the Titan had been lost in the Indian Ocean, with every soul on board. She had heard the news from the house-keeper at Mrs. Tartuffe's, and had brought a New York paper with her to show that there could not possibly be any mistake about it.

For once in her life, Mrs. Crow had a full feast of others' woes. With the thorough appreciation of an enlightened amateur, or we should perhaps say of a professional mangle of hearts, she watched the effort of her soul-harrowing communication, and revelled in the agony which it produced. The world, alas, contains many monsters of this sort, who show themselves to be thoroughly imbued with the leaven which *Le Rochefoucauld* insists is to be found, to some extent at least, in all of us, since "there is something in the misfortunes, even of our best friends, to give us pleasure." Those like Mrs. Crow, however, are more commonly found among the more polished ranks of society, among those who have abundant leisure for such amusements, and who conceal their ghoul-like propensities beneath a show of friendly interest.

It was a terrible thing for two hearts thus buoyed up to the very heaven of hope to be stricken down at one blow into the very bottomless pit of despondency. To the hapless mother it was almost a death-blow. For many weeks she lay hovering upon the confines of the grave, and it was months before she could walk abroad again.

As is ever the case with those whose livelihood is so precarious, poverty followed sickness like a shadow, and the lone females soon found themselves stripped of everything beyond the bare necessities of life, and even they were often obtained with the greatest difficulty. Mrs. Brail was just beginning to take her part again in the labors of the household when Mrs. Crow made the visit with which our story commences.

About a fortnight after the date of that visit, Mrs. Brail and Mary were snatching a few moments of rest after the fatigues of a long summer day. Twilight was just about to deepen into night, when they heard a succession of screams in the lane which led to their little cottage. Short hurried steps, and the rustling of garments, accompanied the screams, and in a few seconds, Mrs. Crow, all disarranged and dishevelled, and pale as a sheeted corpse, rushed into the room.

"A ghost! A ghost!" she gasped, as she fell into a chair, staring towards the door, with eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"Why, what on earth is the matter, Mrs. Crow?" asked Mary, as the frightened woman entered the house.

"I have seen a ghost!" she replied, stopping to take breath at every other word, "just as plain as I see you this minute. I was a-comin' round by the old church-yard wall, when, just as I passed the corner, it riz right up out of the ground, not ten feet from me!"

"What did it look like?" said Mrs. Brail, as she advanced towards her visitor.

"Well, if it hadn't been so awful tall and terrible-lookin', I should say it was the sperrit of your son Bob. It looked a heap like him, but it was paler nor any corpse you ever seed, and so thin, and *translucent*, so vaporish and *mistical*-like, that I could see the grave-stones through it, easy. The hair was all hangin' down straight, and drippin' with water, as if it had just riz up out of the sea. But then it was eight or nine feet high, at the very least, and—O, Lord—Lord—a-mercy!—O!—O!—there it comes, this minute! Lord bless us—just look-ee there! O! O-h-h-h!"

In an agony of fright, Mrs. Crow backed herself into the farthest corner of the room, pointing at the same time at the door, where there appeared, in the gathering gloom, a pale and ghost-

ly shape, having a spectral resemblance to the outward form of humanity. A scream, which burst simultaneously from Mrs. Brail and Mary, was soon overpowered by a manly voice, crying:

"Avast! Avast there with your screaming! I'm not a ghost, nor a dead man, neither, though I dare say I do look like one. Don't you know me, mother?"

The agitated woman gave one doubtful gaze at the half-visible features of her beloved son, and then, with a wild shriek of joy, fell fainting into his arms. Mary Brent was hardly less affected than her "Aunt Polly," but the cares which the latter required served to prevent her from sinking, as she had done, beneath the overwhelming tide of joy. It was not long before the trembling mother was able to realize the full fruition of her new-found happiness, and to listen to the story of her son's adventures.

The Titan had actually been seen to go down, with all on board, and in such a raging sea that it was thought impossible that a single soul could survive. Five of the crew, however, managed to support themselves upon a fragment of the wreck, till they were discovered and rescued by a Japanese junk, and carried to the port of Nangasaki, whence they eventually found their way to the Cape of Good Hope, penniless, and almost naked.

After many hardships, vexations, and delays, two of the shipwrecked sailors, of whom Bob was one, succeeded in getting aboard of a ship bound for Boston. She had her full complement of seamen, however, and the two sailors could do nothing better than work their passage to the United States, on sufferance, in the character of supernumeraries. The idea, however, of a large amount of wages awaiting his arrival in New York, kept Bob's spirits up, and he whistled a merry air as he entered that city, on foot, in rags, without a cent in his pocket, and worn almost to a skeleton by the fatigues, starvations and various hardships, which he had undergone since his shipwreck.

Two hours later, the poor fellow was leaving the great metropolis, and he tried very hard to raise another tune to keep step by; but it sounded more like a dead march than a quickstep. Poor Bob had met with a heavy disappointment. The owners of the Titan had failed, and his hard-earned dollars, with many thousands more, had gone down in the ocean of bankruptcy.

Slowly and tediously, by doing little jobs of work as he happened to find them, Bob managed to work his way to Plumville. He found it a far more difficult matter to "work his passage" over one hundred miles of land than over one

thousand miles of sea. At last, however, he reached his place of destination, and the first person he saw was Mrs. Crow. He had no time to speak to her, however, for she immediately took to her heels with a nimbleness for which few would have given her credit. He was completely fagged out, and could only follow with a slow and tottering step, which brought him to the cottage in the midst of Mrs. Crow's description of its *transparency* and enormous stature.

Having finished his story, Bob turned round to speak to the old lady, but she was no longer there. She was one of a sort not easily mortified, but it is nevertheless supposed that she had, on this occasion, some faint idea that she had been cutting rather a ridiculous figure, and had therefore taken an opportunity to decamp while the others were too much occupied to pay any attention to her movements.

Our bold-hearted sailor now felt himself in something of a quandary. The family finances were at the very lowest ebb, and it would never do for him to remain in Plumville. If he had been aware of the state of things at home, he would have contented himself with writing to them, and would have remained in New York, with the view of shipping aboard of the first vessel he could find. But it was too late to remedy that now. He was hundreds of miles from the nearest seaport, and no means of getting there, without "a shot in the locker."

While "chewing the cud of perplexity," as an Oriental story-teller would probably say, he received a letter from an old ship-mate in New York, which served to increase his regret at having left that port. This correspondent had been for two or three years the second officer of a "Liverpool Liner," but he had recently received the offer of a chief-mate's berth on board a large clipper ship, in the East India trade, and he was resolved to accept it, if he could find a suitable person to supply his place in the packet.

This second-mateship Bob could have if he wished, and it was in all respects a better situation than he could have hoped for; but, in order to obtain it, he must be in New York by the 26th of June, and it was now the 22d. With a long-drawn sigh, Bob refolded the letter and put it in his pocket. He was utterly penniless, and there was no one to whom he could apply in such an emergency. It was impossible to raise the money necessary to place him in New York, with the indispensable outfit, in the time specified; and there was no use in saying another word or thinking another thought about it. He resolved to dismiss the thing from his mind, and say nothing about it to his mother or to Mary.

It was past noon of the day on which Bob had received the letter, and he had been vainly scouring the streets of Plumville for hours, in search of something to do. His health was good, his strength nearly restored, and idleness was poison to him. As he was trudging homewards, with a very long face, his attention was drawn to a group of men looking towards the new church, on the other side of the street. This church was the pride of Plumville, and the especial pride, and boast, and honor, and glory, of Solomon Tartuffe, Esq., whose money had been the principal means of building it.

Mr. Tartuffe, or Squire Tartuffe, as he was often called, was not a learned man, nor a man of talent, nor an eloquent man, nor a witty man, nor a virtuous man, nor a handsome man; but he was something far more important than any or all these things—he was a rich man. Though he had commenced operations at the extreme foot of the social ladder, he was now on one of the topmost rounds—higher at least than any other man in Plumville.

He had often boasted that he could buy and sell the whole place; and perhaps he told the truth. At all events, nobody disputed the fact that he was immensely rich. He was very prominent too in church-matters, and very fond of letting people know it. It was a favorite saying of his, that he liked to do things "fair and above board." Among the things which he always took care to keep "above board," were his charities. Nobody could accuse him of ever making any secret of them, and chief among them was the new church.

As we have already remarked, this church was the glory of Plumville in general, and of Squire Tartuffe in particular; and the glory of the church was its steeple. To tell the truth, this steeple had been constructed on such ambitious principles, that it was altogether out of proportion to the size of the place, as well as to that of the church to which it belonged. In allusion to this, some one had written, in conspicuous characters, on the front door of the edifice:

"Little church and big steeple,
Poor town and proud people."

The church had been finished but a short time, and the day following that of which we write was appointed for the ceremony of its consecration, and was to be a grand gala day in Plumville. It was looked forward to with much pride by Squire Tartuffe and his fellow-secretaries, and with a considerable infusion of jealousy by those who were attached to other denominations. In common honesty, however, we should say that the provincial Dives was

rather tolerated, than esteemed, even by those most deeply interested in the new church and steeple.

Guided by the eyes of the crowd, Bob looked up at the steeple and saw that the iron rod which sustained the weathercock had given way, just at the top of the glittering ball which it surmounted, and was now bent forty-five degrees or more out of the perpendicular. The vane (a darling conception of Mr. Tartuffe's genius) consisted of a not-very-well-proportioned pony, who now lay on his back, pawing the air in a style that was rather ludicrous than graceful.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Tartuffe, as Bob drew near; "bless my soul! what a terrible misfortune! The very day before the dedication! Could anything in the world be more vexatious? And the bishop will most probably be here to-night! It is too bad—positively too bad for anything!" And here Mr. Tartuffe looked at the steeple, and emitted a very low but emphatic ejaculation. Bob said it sounded like "*Ellen Ann Nation!*" but who she was, or what she had to do with the church, he never could discover.

"Perhaps the thing might be mended," suggested Bob, diffidently.

"Mended?" cried the squire, honoring the speaker with a supercilious stare. "The dedication *must* take place to-morrow morning. The bishop is coming a hundred miles for the express purpose. All the carpenters in the county couldn't put up a proper scaffolding in double the time."

"Perhaps it might be done without scaffolding," suggested Bob again.

"You think so, do you?" said the squire, contemptuously. "I'd like to see the man that would undertake it. I would give him five hundred dollars for the job."

"Perhaps a man might be found to do it for less than that," suggested Bob, once more.

He knew very well that Tartuffe would never give five hundred dollars.

"Maybe you could find a man who would do it for less?"

"Perhaps I could."

"Perhaps you would like to try it yourself?" said the squire, with a sneer.

"Perhaps I would."

"And *perhaps* you'll let us know what you'll do it for?"

"Perhaps I will, if you ask me."

"Will you, indeed? How much, then?"

"If you furnish a rope, I'll do it for one hundred dollars?"

"And who are you, pray?"

"I'm a sailor, and my name's Bob Brail."

A notion was gradually dawning upon the squire's mind that there might possibly be something in Bob's proposition, after all. He was a native of a seaport town, and he knew pretty well what sailors could do. Even a desperately forlorn hope was better than none at all. So he said, at length:

"Well, I'll give you an order for as much rope as you'll want, and I'll pay you a hundred dollars, if you succeed. I s'pose you can't do much harm a trying."

Bob obtained the order, put it in his pocket, and hurried away to make his preparations for scaling the steeple.

This rope which he was purchasing might be said, almost without a metaphor, to be a rope thrown to a dying man. He was confident of success, particularly when he learned that all that was necessary to restore the vane to its proper position was to lift up the rod until it became straight, and then replace an iron screw, the falling out of which had been the sole cause of the disaster. It appears that there was a sort of hinge joint or socket in the rod, where it joined the ball, and that it had been arranged in this fashion, in order to facilitate its restoration, if it should be broken or materially injured.

Although these arrangements had been made in view of the possibility of repairing the vane by climbing the steeple, Bob Brail was probably the only individual, within a circle of two hundred miles' diameter, who could have been induced to undertake it, at any price.

Preferring to conceal his somewhat perilous undertaking from his mother and Mary, as soon as he had procured the rope, he took it to a little shed just behind the church, and there proceeded to prepare it for his purpose by furnishing it with knots, and occasional loops for the feet.

As soon as it was ready for use, he borrowed a kite from one of Mary's scholars, and proceeded to fly it in such a manner as to bring the middle of the string into contact with the iron rod which supported the vane, at the place where it joined the ball, and resting upon the top of the latter.

This much having been successfully accomplished, the kite was suffered to fall to the ground on the other side of the steeple. Bob then attached the end of the string which he held in his hand smoothly and securely to one end of the rope. He then went to the other side of the steeple, and, lifting the kite from the ground, took hold of the string and hauled away on that end of it till he had raised the rope, which was attached to the other end, to the top of the steeple.

ple, and passed it over the ball. He then continued the hauling till he had brought the end of the rope to which the kite string was attached down to the ground again.

In order to keep the string and the rope which followed it from slipping off the ball, he did not pull it straight over, but a little to one side, so as to make it bear against the rod all the time. It will be recollected that this rod, with the vane at the top of it, had given way at the socket or hinge which joined it to the ball, and was now inclined at an angle of some fifty degrees from the perpendicular. It was in this angle—this corner between the inclined rod and the ball—that Bob kept his rope running, and thus prevented it from falling. The knots gave him a little trouble, sometimes; but the rope would generally glide over the smooth surface of the ball without difficulty.

The rope was now successfully passed over the top of the steeple, and left with its middle resting upon it, while its two extremities were lying upon the ground. Bob now proceeded to make one of these ends fast to a tree. He then had his rope hanging from the top of the steeple, and firmly fixed there. With its assistance, getting some one to steady it at the bottom, he could ascend to the ball without much difficulty or danger.

Having provided himself with the necessary screw, and a few other tools, the adventurous "sailor-man" began to climb the rope. By that time, quite a crowd of Plumvilians had assembled, and hundreds of eyes watched him as he scaled the dizzy height. When about half way up, he observed the dark figure of Mrs. Crow piloting his mother and Mary Brent to the spot. She had managed to find out what was going on, and she would not, on any account, have missed the gratification of pointing out to the agonized mother the very spot on the pavement where her son's brains would probably be dashed out, when he missed his hold and fell, as he undoubtedly would.

Bob congratulated himself that he was out of hearing of his friends below, and he determined, for his own part, that he would not see them again till the thing was done. Few steadier heads or stouter hearts than Bob Brail's had ever crossed the main; and he who had been accustomed from childhood to feel as secure upon the main truck as upon the fore-castle, though waves were rolling mountain-high, was not likely to shrink from climbing a church-steeple on terra firma.

The only difficulty of any moment was in getting the rope fixed; the rest was but the rep-

etition of a task which he had many a time accomplished—and in less than half an hour a loud cheer from the hundreds of throats below, proclaimed to all Plumville that the work was done.

In a very short time, Bob was treading in safety the very spot where Mrs. Crow had prophesied that he would meet his death, and she seemed really to think herself an injured woman because he would not break his neck for her accommodation. After exchanging a word or two with his mother and Mary, and receiving the vociferous congratulations of the crowd of landsmen, who looked upon him as one of the marvels of the age, he broke away from them all, and posted off to Mr. Tartuffe's office.

That gentleman had watched the operation from one of the windows, and was therefore aware of its having been successfully performed, before he saw the sailor.

"Well, Mr. Tartuffe," said Bob, standing on the door-step, "I've done the job, and as I'm in something of a hurry, I'll be obliged to you for the money."

"Well, sir, what do you ask?"

"I told you I would do it for one hundred dollars, though you said you would give five hundred. I want no more."

"Pooh, pooh! You can't surely have the conscience to charge a hundred dollars for a few minutes' work—and to a church, too! It's perfectly ridiculous."

"Mr. Tartuffe, desperately poor as I am, if I had been asked to do the job for the church, I would have done it cheerfully, and not charged a cent. But the thing was done for you, individually—and at one-fifth of your own price."

"And do you really think I am going to be such a fool as to give you such a sum for such a piece of work?"

"I'll tell you what I do think, Mr. Tartuffe. I have been told, a dozen times or more, that you would cheat me out of the money in the end; but I always said I didn't think you were such a swindler—but now I do think it."

"What? You miserable beggar! You dirty, lying, thieving rascal! You dare to call me a swindler? I'll have you prosecuted for this! You shall rot in jail for it—you low, vulgar scoundrel!"

"Avast there, squire! You'd better shorten sail a bit—take a reef in your temper, and look out for breakers. Isn't thief, and liar, and rascal, and scoundrel, as good stuff to prosecute on as a swindler is? Or do you have one sort of law here in Plumville for rich church-builders, and another for poor sailors?"

"Here—here is ten dollars, and that will pay you for your work ten times over. If you don't choose to take it, you can go without it, for not another red cent will you ever get from me."

And with these words the speaker threw upon the floor, near the door, a ten-dollar gold piece.

"Well," said Bob, giving the eagle a contemptuous kick with the toe of his foot, "I always thought the meanest man in the world was old Captain Konk. He used to sell the marlin-spikes for old iron, and then flog the sailors for stealing 'em. But I must acknowledge that you beat old Konk, all hollow. If you were a captain, I believe you would steal the men's knives, and sell the lanyards that held 'em for old junk."

Here the office door was slammed very energetically in Bob's face; but it is worthy of remark that though he was shut out, the gold piece was very carefully shut in. He took it all very coolly indeed, and went away quietly, without saying another word.

The bishop did not make his appearance that evening, as was expected, but he would of course be along early the next morning. Mr. Tartuffe rose betimes, so as to be ready to receive him. He was in an excellent humor. The steeple was all right again, and little or nothing to pay for it.

As he stood at the glass, shaving himself, he could see the people passing along the street; and he was not a little surprised that every man, woman and child, upon reaching a certain corner, began to laugh most immoderately. All who came, laughed; all who laughed, stopped; and all who stopped, remained until quite a crowd was gathered. Mr. Tartuffe's curiosity was so much excited, that he could hardly restrain it until he had finished shaving. The crowd increased every moment, and "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious."

At length, while he was putting on his cravat, it suddenly struck him that all these people were looking towards the new church, which was not visible to him from the point where he stood. What could it be? His curiosity now began to be mingled with no small share of trepidation. He foreboded some misfortune. He longed to know, and yet he was afraid. Hurrying on his clothes, however, he screwed his courage up, sallied forth into the street, and hustled up to the crowd at the corner.

Though a rich man, Mr. Tartuffe could not be said to be a popular one. Like all men of wealth, he had his sycophants; but he had his enemies also, and it could not be said that he was really esteemed by any one. His presence at the corner was greeted by an ironical cheer, and a burst of uproarious laughter from the crowd.

"Mr. Tartuffe," said old Captain Jollifat, "did you now really pay a hundred dollars for that new weathercock?"

And while the motley crowd laughed and shouted with increased vigor, the rich man looked up at his highly prized steeple, and saw there a sight that almost took his breath away. Astride of the horse, and holding the reins of a bridle, or rather halter, sat the "new weathercock," in the shape of a short, punchy manikin, evidently meant for a caricature of Mr. Tartuffe himself.

Two of the most prominent of that gentleman's characteristics were a very short cloak and a very long pipe, without both of which he was very seldom seen; and both of these peculiarities were faithfully represented in the caricature. Another prominent point about him was, that he had commenced life in one of the Eastern cities as an itinerant glazier. This little biographical trait he was fain to believe was utterly unknown to the people of Plumville. Fancy his feelings, then, when he saw upon a placard much larger than the effigy itself, and in great staring capitals, the terrible words—"Any glass t' put in?"

The reader has already divined that this little entertainment was devised and executed by our friend Bob. In anticipation of something of the sort, he had allowed the rope to remain upon the steeple, and as it was so nearly dark, it was not noticed by his employer or any one else.

As soon as he had positively ascertained that Tartuffe was determined not to pay what he had promised, he went to work and prepared and raised this effigy, which he knew very well nobody but himself could take down again.

To attempt to describe the rage and mortification of the Plumville millionaire, would be altogether futile. The reader can imagine it. Without saying a single word, he fled before the storm of ridicule which was assailing him on every side, and took refuge in his own dwelling. His predicament was truly an unenviable one. The bishop would certainly be there that morning, and might arrive at any moment; and the ceremonies had been advertised, far and near, to come off at ten o'clock.

After a series of unsuccessful attempts to induce some one else to scale the steeple and remove the nuisance, Bob himself was at last reluctantly sent for. It was a bitter dose for Mr. Tartuffe's pride to swallow, but there was positively no cure without it.

"Here," said that personage, in a sadly lowered tone, "here is a hundred-dollar note. Take it and remove the thing."

"No, sir," replied the sailor; "I will do no such thing."

"Why, do you mean to leave the horrible thing there?" gasped the excessively frightened church-builder.

"Yes—until you pay me my own price for taking it down."

"And what is that?"

"Five hundred dollars."

At this announcement, anger appeared to get the better of his fears, and the rich man seemed as if he was about to attack the sailor pugilistically; but there was a certain significance in the manner in which Bob clenched his huge fist, which nipped this project in its bud.

"The bishop! Here comes the bishop!" cried voices in the street, while the sound of carriage-wheels fast approaching was heard in the distance.

Avarice had one last struggle with pride, in the rich man's heart, but the latter was victorious, and Bob left the office with a check for five hundred dollars in his pocket.

Having restored the steeple to a state of propriety, our hero started for New York the same day, and succeeded in obtaining the desired situation. Being thus fairly afloat on the sea of preferment, Bob's excellent qualities soon secured for him the command of a first-rate ship. He married Mary Brent, and in a few years more was able to purchase a house in Plumville. It was the elegant mansion of Mr. Tartuffe, who was so unmercifully ridiculed on account of the steeple adventure, that he found it impossible to remain in the place where it happened.

Mrs. Crow never forgave Bob for refusing either to be drowned, or to dash his brains out by falling from the steeple; and though now that he is getting fat she consoles herself by predicting his speedy death by apoplexy, Mr. Tartuffe's late pew, as well as his house, is still occupied by the sailor-man—or at least by his wife, children and mother—and no more universally respected family than his worships beneath the shadow of the tall STEEPLE OF PLUMVILLE.

PARSIMONY AND ECONOMY.

Burke thus felicitously distinguishes these opposite lines of conduct, which in domestic affairs are too often confounded: "Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection."

INSECTS.

Insects are largely endowed with the faculty of sight; for their eyes, though unable to turn, are infinitely multiplied, and compensate by quantity for their want of motion. To give an idea of the number some orders possess, I may mention that to one species of butterfly, by no means among the largest, is allotted nearly 35,000 eyes. These are distributed over every part of the body, and thus, whatever may be the position of the animal, no danger can approach unperceived, as a sentinel keeps watch in every quarter.

The passions of love and fear, and sometimes higher emotions, are exhibited very signally in some orders of insects, and are even expressed in sounds, which, while not without significance to the human ear, are doubtless full of meaning to themselves. The fact may be demonstrated by giving chase to a common blue-bottle, which will immediately raise its note in a surprising manner, the tone being of unmistakable alarm. In tropical countries I have noticed the same peculiarity, with but little variation, in mosquitoes; and the adroitness with which these little jannissaries avoid capture indicates an organization still more subtle.

Few are unacquainted with the alertness or ferocity of spiders, exhibited so constantly within the sphere of familiar observation. Let a fly be thrown on a spider's web, and a strange spectacle will follow. The terror and despair of the fly at the first approach of his inexorable enemy, his energetic efforts to escape from his tyrant's clutches, and his last touching death-struggle, with the exultation, rage and malignant cruelty of the spider, are a vivid mimicry of the mightier paroxysms of man, which few will be able to contemplate with apathy.

I need not dwell here on the affection of insects for their progeny, as that is a point which, by the wise providence of the Almighty, prevails, with few differences of degree, throughout the whole range of nature. But it would be an omission not to say that they experience more than usual difficulty in providing for the necessities and requirements of their young, yet pursue this object, under every disadvantage, with unwearying forecast, tenderness and perseverance. —*Entomological Journal.*

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A treasure of a husband—carries the baby. A treasure of a wife—never asks for money. A treasure of a son—has money in the funds. A treasure of a daughter—looks the same age as her mother; if anything, a trifle older. A treasure of a servant—runs to the post-office in less than half an hour. A treasure of a cook—is not hysterical whenever there is company to dinner. A treasure of a baby—doesn't disturb its dear papa in the middle of the night.—*Punch.*

HUMBLE WORTH.

Many a flower by man unseen
Gladdest lone recesses;
Many a nameless brook makes green
Haunts its beauty blessed;

Many a scattered seed on earth
Brings forth fruit where needed:
Such the humble Christian's worth,
By the world unheeded.—B. BAXTER.

[ORIGINAL.]

EMMANUEL—GOD WITH US.

BY MRS. A. P. C.

In the shadow or the sunshine,
Mid the solitude of night,
Or when the blessed morn's first outline
Gives the hopeful ray of light;

In the watchful, weary hours,
When the soul is filled with dread,
And the cloud that o'er us lowers,
Seems to crush till hope hath fled;

In the joy that thrills with gladness
Waiting souls, now born again
Into a new world, where sadness
Sendeth back no slow refrain;

In the loved ones' joyous greeting,
Meeting once more round the hearth,
Pangs of absence now forgetting,
In this harvest-time of mirth;

Through all seasons, through all hours,
Whereas'er on earth we dwell,
Let this watchword still be ours,
God with us—Emmanuel!

Earth's sweet voices hymn this anthem;
Starry skies, bespangled flowers,
Fresh with morn's sweet dew upon them,
Breathing incense at evening hour;

Blessed children, now just entering
On life's field to pick its flowers;
Wrinkled age, whose hopes are centring
In a better world than ours;—

All unconscious join in chorus
With the angels round the throne,
Who are ever watching o'er us,
With harps attuned to this alone.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE THREE TREASURES.

A modern rendering of an ancient Eastern Fable.

BY HENRY B. MAY.

A LONG, long time ago, when the world was a good many years younger than it is now, there lived in the city of Self-Satisfaction—the capital of the Kingdom of Ignorance—a mighty potentate named King Sloth. Now the Kingdom of Ignorance was a very extensive territory. At one period of its history, it comprised within its limits the greater portion of the world—the few nations that claimed to be independent of its sovereignty, even, being in a measure its tributaries—while the subjects of King Sloth were everywhere numerous and influential. However, though it was still a powerful monarchy, its terri-

tory had considerably decreased, and its influence had been lessened, since the epoch of the "Dark Ages"—at which period its power was at its height.

The dynasty of the Sloths was—and is still, for they are still in existence—of great antiquity, extending back to the Flood. Indeed the family boasts of being coeval with the creation. They say that Adam had slothful blood in his veins, and bring forward as proof, the fact that he slept in the Garden of Eden at a time when a rib was taken from his side for the purpose of making woman.

There has been not a little controversy among antiquarians on this point—those who are inclined to regard the house of Sloth with favor asserting that had not Adam been one of the family, the world would have remained destitute of womankind to the present day—though like all men who ride a favorite hobby, antiquarians especially—who, as a class, are the most prejudiced of all men in favor of their own often absurd theories—these men, having no consideration for anything else, have not thought it worth while to explain how, in such case, the race of man could have multiplied and replenished the earth.

On the other hand, those who are prejudiced against the ancient family of Sloths—equally regardless of the physical impossibility we have alluded to—say, that if the father of man had not been a Sloth, the world would have been better off at the present time, since, in consequence of Adam's drowsiness, Eve was created, and Eve tempted Adam to sin—*ergo*, if Adam had not slept, the world would have remained without sin! However, we have no sympathy with these detractors of the fairest portion of creation.

The Sloths were a happy-go-lucky race of monarchs, who, although they ruled with despotic sway, were well content to let the world wag—each as he had found it, and wished to leave it. The monarch who ruled over the realm of Ignorance, at the period of which we write, was particularly mild in his sway, and so long as his subjects refrained from troubling him, he was satisfied to let them alone to do as they thought fit.

The great fundamental law of the Kingdom of Ignorance was this: "Let things take their course, and neither make nor meddle, lest matters should grow worse." This system of government answered tolerably well, until a certain missionary called Investigation, who came from the distant republic of Thought, with the object of stirring up the sons of Ignorance, succeeded in making converts of some of them. These poisoned the minds of others, and the result was

a succession of broils and disturbances, which at length became so serious as to lead to the necessity of some action on the part of King Sloth, to prevent a revolution in his realm. His majesty was perfectly satisfied that he could devise no system of improvement of his own accord; therefore, solely against his will, he took to wife the Princess Necessity—a hard-featured, strong-minded maiden—the daughter of one of his brother potentates, King Idleness, who ruled over the Realm of Unthrif.

In due time, Necessity became the mother of Invention, and eventually she bore her husband two more sons, one named Science, and one Skill—who was the youngest of the family. As soon as the eldest son, Prince Invention—who, from his earliest childhood, had shown an aptitude for learning beyond his years—grew up to man's estate, the affairs of the Kingdom of Ignorance began to show signs of improvement; and, as the younger princes Science and Skill were always ready to assist their elder brother in all his plans, a complete regeneration of the kingdom might have been arrived at, in time, had it not been for a young lady—a very distant relation of Queen Necessity's, who, having lost her parents while in her infancy, was adopted by her elderly relative. The name of this young damsel was Perfection. She was a beautiful, fairy-like little creature—apparently almost too ethereal, too fastidiously refined for this world—and it quickly became evident that she would prove, innocently on her part, an apple of discord in the family.

The young princes all fell in love with her, and she, on her part, listened to their addresses, one after the other, without showing any decided preference for either. Sometimes Invention thought he had secured her affections to himself, when lo! just as he was on the point of proposing, she would turn away from him, find fault with his conduct, disapprove of all his plans for the amelioration of his father's subjects, and bestow her smiles upon Science, who, in his turn, would be cast aside for his youngest brother Skill, who would also, in time, be thrust aside by the fickle maiden, when Invention would again be taken into favor.

After all, notwithstanding that the princes were all very fine, sensible and excellent young men, whose love would have made any ordinary young lady happy, the Princess Perfection was not so much to blame. She couldn't help it. She was so delicately organized, so sensitive, so imaginative, that she had no affinity toward the young people around her, of either sex. She lived in a sort of Dreamland of her own peo-

pling, and her beau ideal of a husband was so lofty, that it was impossible she could ever meet with such a being among the creatures of humanity.

Nevertheless, this spirit of rivalry among the young persons was very annoying to King Sloth, who loved his ease, and liked to have everything quiet about him; besides, he was now growing into years, and had become more self-indulgent than ever. So, as was his wont, when he was troubled in his mind, he made a virtue of Necessity, called her to his council, and resolved to take her advice as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, and act upon it.

"I think that Invention can't do better than unite himself to Perfection," said the queen.

"But what if Invention don't come up to the standard of Perfection?" replied the troubled monarch.

"Then let Science make advances to her, or Skill. Now I come to think of it, Skill and Perfection would make a happy couple," said her majesty. "Perfection would cure him of the nervous timidity and bashfulness to which he is prone."

"Exactly so, my dear Necessity," returned King Sloth. "Whenever I find myself driven to extremities, you always devise some means by which I can extricate myself; but, unfortunately, in this case Perfection holds her head so high, that she will not deign to unite herself with either Invention, Science or Skill."

"Then," said the queen, "I would recommend your majesty to insist upon one of them claiming *her* for his bride."

"Alas, my love," answered the king, "that is more easily said than done! If, now, I had to do with your foster brother, Independence, or if any of the more distant branches of the house of Ignorance were concerned, it would be no difficult matter to induce any one of them to claim Perfection as his own; but the same failing that applies to Skill, applies also to his brothers, Invention and Science. I have heard them say myself that they look up to Perfection as they would to a goddess—as to something unattainable. They would each fain possess her, but each thinks himself unworthy of her favor."

"Then, your majesty," said the queen, somewhat tardily, "I have nothing more to say. I know what I should do, if I had my way. I recollect, when I was a mere child, my father used to say—'It's of no use arguing with Necessity; she must and will have her own way.' But since I've united myself with Sloth—h'h'm!" And her majesty stalked haughtily out of the apartment.

Poor King Sloth was again left to adopt his own measures to settle this question of rivalry among his children. For once in his life, at least, he regretted that he wore a crown, and that the old Latin proverb—"Necessitas non habet leges (Necessity has no laws)"—was true.

"For," said he, "if Necessity reigned, instead of me, she could make what laws she pleased."

However, prompt action was necessary. His majesty summoned the three princes to his presence.

"My dear sons," said he, "you are all in eager pursuit after Perfection?"

"Alas, sir," said Invention, answering for his brothers as well as for himself, "it is as you say! Ours is a generous rivalry; yet I fear that none of us will ever gain the object of our desire."

"This constant strife for Perfection annoys me," said King Sloth; "and my faithful subjects of the Realm of Ignorance cannot understand it. I have consulted the queen, but, though it is desirable that one, if not all of you, should lay claim to Perfection, it is a question in the settlement of which Necessity has no voice. I have decided upon a plan which I shall insist upon your adopting, and by which it shall be decided who among you shall clasp Perfection to your bosom as a bride."

The princes were all attention.

"You recollect," continued the king, "our royal brother whose history is recorded in the venerable archives of the Arabian Nights Entertainments; he, I mean, who, situated somewhat like myself—having three sons all in love with the same beautiful princess—decided to bestow the damsel's hand upon him who brought to the court, from distant lands, the most valuable gift. If you remember, my children, one brought the miraculous square of carpet which, the owner eating thereon, would convey him instantly wheresoever he willed. The second brought a valuable and wonderful tube, which, when it was placed to the owner's eye, would enable him to see whatsoever he desired. The third procured, with infinite trouble, a marvellous apple which, on being placed to the nostrils of a person in the last extremity of sickness, would restore him or her, in a moment, to perfect health and strength.

"It is my belief, my sons, that those wonderful articles must still be in existence, in some corner of the world, and that one, if not all, may be obtained by him who, regardless of fatigue, difficulty or danger, shall search for them. To him, of you three, who shall bring to my court of Ignorance one or all of these wonderful things, or to him who shall first arrive

with any one, will I give the incomparable Princess Perfection for a bride. Now go, my beloved sons, and Allah speed ye well!"

"But, sire," said the oldest of the princes, "recollect that the records, of which you speak, are of the days of the great Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, who flourished before my brothers, or even I, were born—or, at least, before we had effected much for the benefit of mankind. We, sire, your sons—Invention, Science and Skill—were then but feeble infants, in comparison with what we now are. Although I am inclined to believe the tales are merely the author's invention."

"Science was then in its infancy," said the second brother.

"And skill," added the youngest, "was but very feebly developed."

"Nevertheless," said the king, "I am convinced of their existence. In two years from this, my children, let me see you here again, whether you are successful or not—sooner, if you obtain that of which you now go in search—and remember! he who first returns with a prize shall be wedded to Perfection."

The young men departed in a very disconsolate mood, for they all felt that they were not pursuing the proper steps to gain Perfection by going on such a wild-goose chase; but the king had bidden them go, and they dared not refuse.

Now the fact is, old King Sloth had no notion that either of his sons would find the article which he was about to seek after; but he was tired of their constant rivalry, and he hoped to obtain a little rest by banishing them for awhile from his court. He chuckled over the idea of being able to return to the enjoyment of his old habits of indolence.

"I shall obtain two years' freedom from their continuous strife," he said to himself; "and the boys will mingle with the world, and forget their cravings after Perfection—the silly children!—before they return to court again."

Now it happened that the mighty Realm of Ignorance was situated in the central portion of the earth, and Prince Invention, when he left his father's court, bent his steps westward, travelling over many lands, meeting with numerous and terrible adventures, enduring heat and cold, and hunger and thirst, still never wearied, yet ever reflecting on the folly of the king, his father, in sending him forth on such a foolish journey.

"Perfection will never be mine," he often said to himself, "for where shall I find the wonderful carpet, which, according to the archives of the ancient Sultans of the Indies, enabled its possessor to travel where he listed? Verily, I believe

it is all 'bosh' (a phrase used to express the word *humbug*, in the Realm of Ignorance)."

The prince travelled amongst the Turkey and Persian carpet manufacturers in vain. They hooted him from their bazaars, believing him to be an insane man.

"Carpets do not fly," said they. "Buy thee a camel of the desert, and his thee home, and reflect upon thy folly."

But still the prince journeyed on, until he came to, and passed over the country of the Franks, and thence he journeyed to the land of the Angles, or Anglo Saxons, almost despairing of success, "for," said he, "here they ridicule me with still greater ridicule, when I seek for that for which my father hath sent me; and every step I take, and every new thing I learn, teaches me that I am further off than ever from Perfection."

He determined to wait in this land until the two years were nearly expired, and then to journey homeward and once more obtain a glimpse of the Perfection that he now believed he would never call his own.

One day, footsore and weary, he entered into a cottage, in a country neighborhood, and asked the good woman of the house if he might rest his aching limbs. She willingly assented, and bade him be seated by the fire while she prepared food to refresh him. A boy, scarce fifteen years old, sat on a stool before the fire, watching listlessly, as it were, yet with a strange, dreamy earnestness in his eyes, the lid of the teakettle as it jumped up and down while the water within was boiling.

"Why gazest thou so earnestly into the fire, my boy?" said the prince. "What seest thou there?"

"Ah!" sighed the woman of the cottage, answering for the lad; "James is a strange, idle boy. So he sitteth day after day, always thinking and dreaming, instead of working for his living, or even playing as other boys do."

But the lad heeded not his mother's words—he turned his head and looked curiously at the stranger. At length he spoke.

"Is your name Invention?" said he. "Are you the Prince Invention whom I have so long dreamed of? If thou art, thou canst aid me much—I have long expected thee."

"My name is Invention, my boy," said the prince, attracted by the earnestness of the youth's speech and look. "How can I aid you? What is your name?"

"My name is James Watt," answered the boy, "and thus canst thou aid me. Do you see that steam?—weak as water—nay, the very

evaporation of water? Yet it lifteth off the iron lid of the kettle with its weight. With thy aid, that weak, thin steam shall do the work of thousands of men. It shall guide the weighty machine, and drive the powerful engine—nay more, it shall carry the ship over the stormy seas more rapidly than the widest spread of sail before the strongest breeze—ay, and the car shall be driven on land by its terrible yet controllable strength with a speed never heretofore dreamed of, so that men shall say, 'I wish to be there,' and they shall be where they wish, though a thousand of the fleetest horses could not have carried them over the distance."

And the prince listened, and the light of understanding entered into his soul.

"Truly," he cried, "it is the iron horse that was typified in the carpet of the Indian merchant."

And he breathed his spirit into the lad, and he saw other sages and one mighty one named Fulton—and he did not procure the carpet of which he was in search, but he made the steam-engine, and his soul was satisfied, and he was ready to return to his home [for years in the Realm of Ignorance were measured by times, and not by the measurement of other lands].

"I shall win Perfection," he said, "for surely I have invented a greater thing than they can discover, with all their *science* and *skill*."

Now while Prince Invention was journeying westward, his brother, Prince Science, travelled eastward, crossing the country of the Celestials, until he came to the ocean, which he crossed on shipboard and landed on the shores of Ophir—called California; but though he found gold and precious stones in abundance, he heard nothing of the wonderful tube, the possession of which would crown him with Perfection, and still he journeyed on through forests and across wide prairies, until he came into the far famed Realm of Manhattan, where dwell the New Yorkers.

"For," said he, "I have heard of the ingenuity of these people, and it may be possible that they possess the secret of making the tube of which I am in search."

So he made inquiries, and was directed to a certain sage named Morse, who was busied with sundry wires, which he dipped in certain subtle fluids, and extended them from the gates of one city even unto those of another, and played them with his fingers, and lo! at the instant, friends far apart conversed with each other, as if they were suddenly united. They knew all that was passing in each other's minds, as though they had gazed upon each other through a tube which drew them together.

"Eureka! (I have found it)" exclaimed

Science. "The tale of the Arabian story-book was but a myth, typical of the electric telegraph, which causes us to be present with our friends, even though we be thousands of miles apart. Truly I shall distance my brothers, and attain to Perfection."

And Science resolved to remain among the Manhattanese until the day appointed for his departure homewards.

Prince Skill, the third brother, who was bent upon discovering the miraculous apple, travelled westward from the Central Realm of Ignorance, as his oldest brother had done.

"For," said he, "I have heard that the people called the Franks are wonderfully skilled in medicine, and probably some of the seeds of the apple are yet preserved in their country." But he arrived and searched and found nothing.

Then he journeyed to the land of the Angles, where his brother was staying—but he knew not that Invention was remaining there—and not finding what he sought among the physicians and sages, he too travelled across the Atlantic to the land of the Yankees, and coming to the city of Boston, he met with a certain wise man of medicine, who had discovered an ethereal vapor which he termed "ether," and which possessed the wonderful property of lulling pain, and deadening the senses, so that those who were obliged to undergo the most painful operations, knew not that the knife of the surgeon had touched them until the dreaded operation was completed, when they awoke as from a pleasant dream and asked why they were yet left to linger in suspense, and could not credit their senses when they were informed that all was over.

"Verily," said Prince Skill, "this is the panacea for all evil, for it rendereth even pain pleasant. There is no wonderful apple. It was a myth of the Arabian sages, but it was typical of the subtle fluid which should one day be discovered, and which should change the practice of the surgeon and render his keen-edged tools harmless. Surely Skill hath now a right to claim Perfection for his own."

So, perfectly satisfied that he had outstripped his brothers, Prince Skill resolved to remain in the city called Boston till the day appointed for his departure.

Now the three brothers had agreed, before they set out on their travels, to meet on a certain day, at the expiration of their period of travel, at a certain place on the borders of the Realm of Ignorance. Prince Invention, taking advantage of his discovery, arrived first on his iron horse. Prince Science, who had been practising the use of his wires, was somewhat surprised to learn that

his brother Invention had arrived at the appointed place of rendezvous before him.

"But," said he to himself, "my brother Invention hath started earlier than I."

The two younger princes arrived at the same moment. They greeted each other and their elder brother, and then each proceeded to display his own discovery for the admiration and wonder of the others. There was some little disappointment felt by all, for they could not agree, since each had gained his end, which had made the most wonderful discovery. However, they agreed to leave it to King Sloth to decide which was most worthy of Perfection, and as they were all wearied with their long travel, they agreed to rest awhile before they started to perform, in company, the remainder of their journey.

"But come, Brother Science," said Invention, "let us amuse ourselves, and at once test the value of your wonderful electric telegraph, and, when we start for home, both you and Skill shall have the benefit of my iron steam-horse."

No sooner said than done. Prince Science adjusted his magnetic wires, and desired to learn how things were progressing at the court of Ignorance. Presently a gloom spread over his countenance.

"What is the matter?" asked his brothers in a breath.

"Alas, my brothers," answered the prince, "the wires inform me that the Princess Perfection lies at the point of death. All our journeying has been in vain. Perfection is for none of us. O, my brothers, willingly would I resign my claim, if I could save her life! But she will be dead before we can possibly arrive even to see her breathe her last breath."

"You forget my iron horse," said Prince Invention. "We will depart immediately; but first," he said, addressing Prince Science, "adjust your wires again, and let us learn what the disease is, under which she is suffering."

Again the wires were adjusted, and in another moment the prince interpreted:

"The princess is suffering from a tumor in the throat caused by grief, which can be removed by a surgical operation to which she will not submit."

"Harness your iron horse!" cried Prince Skill. "Thank Heaven, the subtle fluid I have in my pocket will send her to sleep, and so deaden her senses, that she will know nothing until the operation is performed, when she will awake, restored to perfect health."

Quick as thought, the iron steed was fed with steam; the princes mounted his back, and flying with lightning speed over the road, they were

landed, in a shorter time than any one of them believed was possible, at the very door of the palace of King Sloth.

The princes, pushing the guards and nurses aside, rushed, without announcing themselves, into the chamber of the princess. Prince Skill applied the fluid he carried about his person to her nostrils, and immediately she fell into a sound sleep—still, however, breathing painfully. Prince Invention explained matters to the wondering surgeons. The surgical instruments were applied, and in a few moments the fatal tumor was removed. An hour afterward, the princess awoke in perfect health.

After mutual congratulations had been exchanged, and the various wonders exhibited, and their properties explained, the princes stood awaiting the decision of the old king.

"The cure has been effected," said King Sloth, "through the agency of Prince Skill's subtle fluid, which he calls ether; but he could not have arrived in time had it not been for Prince Invention's iron steed, nor would the steed have been harnessed in such a hurry, had not Prince Science discovered, by means of his electric wires, that the princess lay in such a critical condition. My sons," continued the old king, "I can honestly award the princess to neither of you, since you cannot all possess her, yet she owes her life equally to you all. What says the Princess Perfection?"

The princess—it had already been explained to the disappointed young men—had fallen sick in consequence of her grief at finding so little progress made in the world towards perfecting all things. Being now called upon to make her own decision, she smiled gratefully upon all her cousins, but assured them that she could never give her hand without her heart, and her affections were irrevocably fixed upon the man who was as perfect as herself, wherever he was to be found. She confessed that she had not yet seen him.

"I shall be most happy," continued the princess, "if he eventually doth appear in the person of one of my cousins, who have all done so much to prove their love for me and their desire to possess me. Whichever it may be, he shall have my undivided affection. I will resign myself absolutely to his will. But remember, dear Prince Invention, that your iron horse, swiftly as he flies over the surface of the earth, cannot fly like a bird through the air; and you, Cousin Science, recollect that though your electric current can enable you to converse with your friends as if they were present, no matter how many miles they may be distant on the earth's

surface, cannot yet enable you to converse with them through the dense waters of the ocean—at least, not for any great distance; and your subtle fluid, Cousin Skill, although it can prevent the pain of the surgeon's knife, cannot render its use unnecessary. Much yet remains to be done, before either Invention, Science, or Skill can honestly lay claim to Perfection."

Having spoken thus, the princess bowed gracefully to all present, smiled sweetly—an encouraging smile—upon her cousins, and withdrew, with her maids in waiting—Patience, Industry and Energy—to her own private apartments in the Palace of Necessity.

Scarcely as each of the princes were disappointed, they confessed that the princess was right and had spoken wisely; and Perfection herself was so pleased with the services they had already rendered her, and so grateful for their kindness, that she assigned to them her three handmaidens to assist them in their future labors.

By the latest advices from the Realm of Ignorance, we are informed that Prince Invention is busily occupied in endeavoring to devise a plan to guide the course of a balloon through the air—regardless of the point from which the wind may chance to blow. Prince Science, we are told, has laid an electric cable between Europe and America, but as yet he has been unsuccessful in working it satisfactorily; and Prince Skill is hard at work, the newspapers say—having a whole army of quack doctors in his employ—manufacturing hygiene pills, for family use, which shall be effectual for the cure, and even the prevention, of all the ills that flesh is heir to—quite regardless of the number of victims that he slays while testing various panaceas. He also has, as yet, been unsuccessful.

All the princes acknowledge, with thankfulness, the efficient services of the three handmaidens—Patience, Industry and Energy. Nevertheless, the Princess Perfection is still a maiden, "fancy free."

OLDEST CHURCH IN AMERICA.

It was built in 1681, in the town of Hingham, Massachusetts, and is still occupied as a place of worship. The bell rope hangs down by the middle of the house, where it was placed in order that the bell might be rang instantly to give alarm of any sudden Indian incursion. There are many of the old fashioned square pews in the house, inclosed in what resembles more a high and substantial unpainted fence than any thing to be seen in a modern church. The frame is of oak, and the beams are huge and numerous. The old house is good for two hundred years more. This old church has an old pastor, the Rev. Joseph Richardson, having preached in it for fifty-three years.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO THE OMPOMPANUSUC.

BY LIZZIE MORSE.

This small though beautiful Green Mountain stream takes its rise in the town of Vershire. At first dashing, foaming, and winding through a narrow but fertile valley, along the borders of which frown the dark walls of the Eagle Ledge, gradually enlarging as it passes through a succession of wild and picturesque scenery, until it empties its crystal waters into the White River.

Sing, sing of the rolling river,
That dashes by my country home,
On it golden sunbeams quiver,
When tossing up the bannered foam.
Glide, river, glide,
In and out 'mong willows ride,
Swiftly borne on white waved steeds,
Wet the meadow-lilies' pled,
Sedge and moss where crickets hide,
Hum and sing among the weeds.

I'll sing its waves of sapphire blue,
Rolling 'neath the rill-lit mountain,
Crowned with foam as pure as dew
From an eagle haunted fountain.
Then, river, haste thy way,
By sun and moon and starry ray;
From the hill tops lead thy silvery clan.
Pause not where the moonbeams lay,
And skipping elfins love to play,
To the oaten reeds of rural Pan.

Sing, sing of the maddened river,
When the scowling tempests howl,
And the hurdling thunders shiver
Mills, and heaving bridges growl.
O, glory in its pride!
See the upturn timbers ride,
Wildly through the bellowing foam,
Tearing out its rocky side,
Rushing black o'er meadows wide,
The Ompompanusuc roams.

The day burns down to the evening star,
And soft æolian harpstrings wake
To fair Ivesperius pale afar,
O'er the purple murmurous lake.*
Gurgling waters churn,
When the pensive starlights burn
Above thy silvery beechen shades,
And the sweet flowers upward turn,
Each pure and star-like urn,
All along thy shadowy glades.

* A small lake in the town of West Fairlee.

[ORIGINAL.]

AN HOUR OF PERIL.

A THRILLING SKETCH OF REAL LIFE.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

TWENTY years ago Gillian Giovanna was the belle of her native village. She was of Italian descent on the father's side, her grand-parents having crossed the Atlantic shortly after the close

of the American Revolution, and settled in the town of B., where Gillian was born some twenty years after—her father being a mere child at the period of their emigration. As I have said, Gillian at the age of twenty was the belle of her native village. Her eyes were tender and dreamy when in repose, but when animated by feeling or sentiment they would flash forth such fire as betokened a superior soul, or higher order of intelligence than those by whom she was surrounded.

About this time she became the wife of Frederick Bront, to whom for a long time she had been fondly attached. He was by trade a carpenter, and one of the handsomest and most enterprising young fellows that the town afforded; but about a week subsequent to his marriage, he was called upon by the parish authorities to adjust the weather-vane of the village church which had been dislodged by lightning, and in the attempt was precipitated from the movable staging on which he had been raised by means of pulleys to the pinnacle of the spire, and was instantly dashed to pieces in the fall. Poor Gillian fainted when the terrible news was brought her, and for many days afterwards her life was despaired of; but she recovered her health at last, though her old cheerfulness of look did not return to her till after the birth of a little son, who was called Freddy, after the poor father whose life had been so unceremoniously crushed out before he was born.

For months preceding this event, that is, the birth of little Freddy, the horrible recollection of that fearful hour which made the great world so dark and aimless to Gillian, was never absent a moment from her thoughts. Daily in imagination was the dreadful scene enacted before her eyes—the honest neighbor who first came with the sad intelligence, who hesitated and finally broke down with the weight of the terrible news—the four sober men who bore home the mangled form, once so beautiful, now so ghastly, so horribly disfigured, that even the loving wife would have failed to recognize him—and all the subsequent agony, sorrow, or even grief, are words too feeble to express it—which was crowded into the next few weeks that followed; such was the harrowing picture constantly before her eyes, both sleeping and waking, though doubly intensified by the light of dreams. In dreams she would see her husband ascending the village-spire, see him far above the belfry, and the next moment, with a deadly shudder, she would behold him hurled down from the dizzy height he had attained. Then would she close her eyes to shut out the horrid spectacle, and in the agony of that dreadful moment she would awake, and

during the rest of the long night that followed there was no more sleep—nought but the horrid remembrance of that awful dream left her—so late a painful reality.

But with the birth of little Freddy, these phantoms of the imagination vanished, and she grew gradually to be more like her former self. Little Freddy was a strange, unaccountable child, slightly deformed, his neck, shoulders and arms were extremely muscular, while his lower extremities seemed to have shrunk and shrivelled up in developing them; and yet this disproportion seemed rather to add to, than to diminish his strength and agility. Before he was five years old, he had ascended to the topmost branches of the stateliest trees that grew in the surrounding fields, and with a reckless unconsciousness of danger that never failed to strike a chill to the heart of the beholder, he would swing out and drop from branch to branch, catching by the hands and shouting in a sort of insane glee, as though he drew inspiration from the danger which he dared. At such moments as these, he seemed wildly and gleefully happy, but when inactive or in repose there was ever an expression of pain lingering about his features, which was as much a part of him as the features themselves. It was observed by the nurse the first night he came into the world, and it never left him for a moment except when he hung from some perilous height or swung himself from limb to limb of the highest tree with the agility of an ape. It was evident that this strong infatuation was a constitutional weakness inherited from the mother at a time when her great sorrow was fresh upon her, enhanced and intensified by a morbid imagination. Often was the time that she shuddered and turned pale, or shrieked loudly on beholding the dizzy height he had attained, striving with all her might to persuade or coax him out of harm's way, while he only mocked at her fears, swinging from limb to limb, and chattering like a magpie.

Persuasion was of no avail. Little Freddy would climb the trees and there was no help for it; and, though his strange doings kept poor Gillian in constant apprehension, no harm had thus far come to the little gymnast.

One pleasant day in early autumn, when Freddy was about a dozen years old, a large concourse of people had gathered on the green in front of the church to witness the feats of Jack Marlin, the sailor, who was to ascend to the belfry by means of the lightning-rod. Freddy saw it, and heard the enthusiastic shouts of the people, but he only curled his lip in scorn, and remarked: "That is nothing!"

And even while the crowd were yet busy in admiring the bold daring of the sailor, the deformed child had found his way to the corner of the church where the rod descended, and before any one was aware of his intention, he had swung himself up, hand over hand, more than half-way to the belfry. Then for the first time the attention of the crowd was directed toward him, and some of the men, more thoughtful than the rest shouted to him to come down, but he paid no attention to their admonitions, except by a low, scornful laugh, as though he had fully measured his own power, and was determined to exert it to eclipse the effort of Jack Marlin the sailor.

Every one expected when the boy reached the belfry that he would stop by his own accord; but no, he merely waved his hand to the crowd, steadily ascending all the while, while they, in turn, completely carried away, and forgetful for the moment of the lad's peril, shouted and cheered till they were hoarse. Then for the first time, it seemed as though the multitude was appalled by a sense of the boy's terrible danger, which, carried away by their blind enthusiasm, they had hitherto overlooked, in admiration, it may be presumed, of the wonderful daring the lad had evinced.

The next moment, instead of shouts and cheers, a death-like silence prevailed. Every one watched with breathless anxiety his steady progress, higher and higher with each succeeding pulsation of the heart; and so silent all, that each could distinctly hear the partially suppressed respiration of his neighbor. It was one of those unlanguage triumphs of suspense, not merely tragical, but terrible, where moments become as it were hours, and every nerve seems set on edge, and all a blinding whirl, save the one object that attracts all eyes, and thrills all hearts.

Up, still up, a tiny object, no larger to look at than Marlin's fist. He has reached the weather-vane, and one little arm is thrust up and clasps it firmly. Then for a moment his body seems to swing in mid air, and the next he is above the vane, seated on the forked point of the spire, more than a hundred and thirty feet above the entranced crowd. Then was the spell broken, and shout after shout went up, and the boy looks down, and crows a triumphant little crow, that comes down to them so far and so very faintly, and waves a tiny hand, and then the multitude responds with a second series of deafening shouts, which come booming up to him, ah! how distinctly. Mark now how he clings to the branching prongs of the spire. He does not offer to move; he is evidently dizzy and afraid. Jack

Marlin the sailor, who understands such things from experience, observes it. The rest do not. They know nothing of the workings of fear under circumstances like these. Suddenly all hearts are appalled by the wild shrieks of a woman who comes flying across the common, towards the spot where the multitude were assembled.

I had arrived in B. that morning, and chanced to be one of the crowd present. I had witnessed grief and despair in various shapes, but I never saw so white a face before—one so blanched with the agony of fear. In accents of the wildest terror, she begged of the bystanders to save her boy.

"How could they save him now?" they answered her, pityingly. "He had brought it on himself in spite of all they could do. Persuasion and warnings were of no avail; and now, though their hearts were bleeding for the distracted mother, what could they do but pity her?"

Not so with Marlin. The mother's wild plaint found a responsive echo in the heart of the brave sailor. He shouted to Freddy to come down, and in a few seconds the response came faintly back: "No, I'm afraid to!"

"Hang on to your moorings then, with all your might, and I'll be up presently and tow you down!"

He then turned to the crowd and said: "Bring me ropes, a plenty of them, and the stoniest you can find, and bear a hand lively."

The energetic orders of the sailor were instantly obeyed, and in five minutes, and perhaps less, for moments seem long under circumstances like these, a dozen strong bed cords were procured and firmly spliced together. Uniting the two ends so as to bring the cord double, and then fastening them securely to the belt around his waist, Marlin commenced his ascent, cheered and stimulated by the excited crowd, who were now wrought up to the highest pitch of frenzy.

Up, over the same perilous track the daring boy had ascended, never once looking down, or seemingly conscious of any other object than the one he was on, Marlin worked his way up with the sublime determination of preserving the life of one upon whom the very existence of another seemed to depend. As he neared the dizzy point where Freddy still clung, the shouts of the anxious spectators ceased, and with strained eyes and suspended breath, they watched each movement, as though, instead of one, a hundred lives hung on his humane efforts. But when he had reached the weather-vane, and stood firmly up thereon, the enthusiasm of the crowd broke forth afresh, and shout after shout and cheer after cheer went up, till you would have thought the many, so

strangely silent but a moment before, had suddenly gone crazed.

In the meantime, Marlin had not been idle. He had unfastened the rope from his belt, and passing it over between the branching prongs of the spire, so as to bring the ends on the opposite side from which he had ascended, he again adjusted it firmly around his waist, and shouted to the people below to keep a taut rope, and when he gave the word, to "lower away." He then drew the lad from the point to which he had clung from the moment that fear overpowered him, and winding his left arm firmly around him, and grasping the rope with his right hand as far up as he could reach, he next shouted to the crowd to bear a hand, and swung himself free from the spire.

The crowd below, faithful to their task, lowered away, and in thirty seconds from the time he swung himself clear, Jack Marlin and the lad were safely landed on *terra firma*.

ACQUISITION OF LANGUAGE.

A lady in this city was called to the door, the other day, by the importunities of one of those fellows who go from house to house ostensibly to sell small articles of dry and fancy goods, but whom it is dangerous to leave unwatched.

"Eh! you speake de French, madame?" began he, on her approach.

"No," was the reply, "and I want no goods."

"Me no un'stan! got ver nice shoo streeng—buy of poor Frenchman," persisted the fellow.

The lady's reply was to open the door and point to the street, when the fellow, forgetting himself, burst out with, "you needn't be in such a hurry to get a feller into the street; guess 'twont do no harm for ye to look at these goods, marm." Seeing the look of astonishment with which his sudden transition from broken English to unadulterated Yankee was received, the mistake flashed upon him, and he disappeared with great celerity around the first corner.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

THE PLAIN TRUTH.

While sitting in the Academy of Music the other night, witnessing the graceful gyrations of the French *danseuses*, we were amused at a little scene that transpired near us. A lady and gentleman seemed to be enjoying a pleasant chat, when, all at once, the lovely daughter of Eve inquired, "Who is that with Kate —, in the proscenium box?" and, before giving her adoring friend time to answer, she added: "If I couldn't scare up a better looking man, I'd go without one!" "Why," exclaimed the gentleman, at the same time looking rather red in the face, "that's my brother!" "O, is it?" laughingly rejoined the lady, "well, one of my brothers isn't half as good looking!"—*Phila. paper*.

THE EYE

Takes in at once the landscape of the world
At a small inlet which a grain might close,
And half creates the wondrous world we see.—*Young*.

[ORIGINAL.]

APART.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

'Tis best remain, as now, thus far apart—
The leaves of life's frail book are open yet;
Each turning would but cause some painful start,
Some truth reveal we never could forget.

True 'tis, that, opening at the first fresh page,
A ray of gladness there will greet the eye;
A passage tainted not by grief or rage—
A summer's lake reflecting summer's sky.

But lifting slowly over leaf by leaf,
Cloud on cloud seems gathering above;
Changeful is the heart, and grief on grief
Obscures the light that heaven lent to love:

And in the latest record lives a shame,
From which our eyes averted fain would be;
The deep-stained mark that tells of sullied fame,
Which broke the silver cord 'twixt thee and me.

Ah, yes! 'tis best, as now, thus far apart—
The leaves of life's frail book are open yet;
Each turning would but cause some painful start,
Some truth reveal we never could forget.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SAILOR BOY'S REVENGE.

BY CAPTAIN F. ALCORN.

"CONFOUND the whelp! I'll kill him yet—
see if I don't!"

I started, amazed, and glancing towards the speaker, recognized Captain Hunt, our commander. Beside him stood the mate, and as my gaze rested on the pair, the latter opened his lips in evident expostulation.

"'Tis useless, I tell you, Mr. Dennis! That boy is an unmitigated pest, and I can bear it no longer. I've borne and forborne, until forbearance has become a crime—and now, if I live, I'll punish him!" And the irritated skipper turned abruptly on his heel and strode aft, leaving his subordinate to mutter, loud enough to be heard by me, as he passed on his way forward:

"Punish him!—as if his life was not already embittered by punishment. Ah! Poor boy! From my soul I pity, though unable to protect you!" And passing down the poop-ladder, he was lost to view on the main-deck, whither I followed him, as soon as I had completed my task on the quarter-deck.

We were outward-bound, and from port that day, on the morning of which I and my mess-mates—twenty-eight in number—had joined the ship, anticipating a pleasant voyage from the fact that her master bore a reputation for nautical

skill, humanity, and certain other characteristics of a true man and gentleman.

My amazement at this speedy ebullition of wrath was therefore quite natural; and entertaining some doubt concerning his right to the reputation awarded him, I sought the main-deck, where my attention was speedily attracted to the mate, who was addressing one of the ship's boys in a very earnest tone, while the youth seemed half inclined to cry, as if writhing beneath the sting of some well-merited reproach.

"There, now!—no blubbing, Edwin! Be off to the fore-castle, and take the dog-watch lookout! Don't leave it till eight bells—remember!"

"No, sir." And turning sadly away, the lad proceeded slowly to his assigned station, to which I soon found an errand, eager to glean some information regarding our officers from one who had evidently but little reason to cherish favorable prejudices as regarded at least one of their number.

"Well, boy—learning to look out for breakers?" I demanded, as, bounding from the windlass, I landed at his side, on the topgallant fore-castle.

"Yes—trying to," was the brief rejoinder.

"Is this your first voyage?"

"No."

"How many have you made?"

"Two."

"In this ship?"

"Yes."

"Under Captain Hunt?"

"No. He only joined last voyage."

"What kind of fellow is he?"

"I don't understand you."

"Aint he kind o' cross?"

"O, sometimes—but you can soon form an opinion of him for yourself."

"Humph! My opinion is more than half formed already. I calculate there's a little o' the horse about that skipper. Aint I right?"

"I can't say."

"You must be a greeny, then. What! sail with a man, and not know him—"

"I might sail with Captain Hunt a lifetime, and not know him at its close. So my opinion of him can be of little value."

I regarded the lad with deeper interest. So cautious, yet so evidently well informed regarding the object of my queries, I could not but admire the tact with which he avoided a direct answer, and after a brief pause, resumed:

"Was it you he was threatening to kill, just now, when I was aft laying up the spanker-gear?"

The boy started, gazed wistfully in my face a moment, and then replied sadly :

"Perhaps. I think, sometimes, he don't like me very well. He seldom speaks to me, and never so kindly or so gently as to others ; but then I'm only a boy, you know."

"No reason why you should be treated harshly," I murmured, indistinctly—resuming aloud, on perceiving the boy's questioning regard : "But rather an odd kind of boy, I take it."

"Why?"

"Why, you're a regular 'know nothing.' I guess your creed is to speak evil of no one."

The lad looked up, and meeting my earnest gaze, smiled sadly as he replied :

"Not my creed, messmate. Only a mother's advice, which I have striven to follow."

"And a precept worthy to be treasured in your heart's core, as well as practised, my lad," said I earnestly, as, assured by his glance that I had won his confidence, I laid my hand on his shoulder—adding : "She who taught you that, taught you also that when smitten on one cheek, you should turn the other?"

The lad bowed his head in a mute affirmative ; and feeling that I had touched a tender chord, I remained silent for some time, my thoughts wandering back to the days of my childhood, when, at my mother's knee, I had been taught the same precepts and strictly enjoined to make them my guide through early life.

The silence was at length broken by the youth, who said :

"You heard the captain threaten. Did he say why he was angry?"

"No. Do you know of no reason?"

"No. I have striven, O so hard to please, or win one kind word or smile from him ! But he hates me—why, I cannot tell."

"Are you certain you have not offended him to-day?"

"Not intentionally, I am sure. Mr. Dennis told me he was angry about something, and sent me here to keep out of his way. He thought the captain intended to flog me."

"And so did I, judging by his manner. But if you strive to please him, let him flog ! Practise those precepts taught you by your mother, and you may count on one friend, at least, while I sling my hammock on board."

"Thank you ! I shall endeavor to prove worthy of your friendship," responded the youth, earnestly ; and clasping my hand fervently on that spot, was ratified a treaty of friendship between the boy and man.

Being called to supper a moment later, I saw

no more of my young messmate until we met at the main-capstan, where the watches were to be chosen. He was standing in the wake of the lee-main rigging when I went aft, in obedience to the summons, and I noticed his head bowed low on his breast, concealing his features, while Captain Hunt stood leaning on the capstan, intently and sternly regarding him. The mate's countenance wore a sad expression, in the gleam of the signal-lantern, and from the furtive glance which ever and anon he cast towards the youth, I apprehended the fulfilment of the captain's threat.

We were soon ranged in line, when the choice of watches began, progressed, and was closed by the mate calling, as his last man, "Edwin Bray."

"No, sir—you can't have him !" exclaimed the captain, hastily—whereupon his subordinate demanded :

"Why not, sir?"

"Because I wish him to be in my watch, this voyage. You had him last voyage, and have made a perfect fool of him."

"Sir?"

"I repeat, you have spoiled him. He takes his trick in my watch henceforth, when I shall take particular care that he does not shirk his duty. Over to starboard, you young whelp—I'll take care of you!"

"I beg your pardon, Captain Hunt, but that boy belongs to my watch, and has been under my care ever since he joined the ship. Under those circumstances, I question your right to remove him ; and under any, your right to deprive me of my choice of men."

"There are three—choose from them !"

"Thank you, I would still be deprived."

"You can't have him—so there's an end of it!"

"Very well, sir—I must bow submissive to the authority vested in you!" And with a slight inclination of the head, the mate turned away and was moving towards the cabin, when his superior called out :

"Here—where are you going ? Choose your man!"

"No, sir. If you please, I prefer not to do so!" And he kept on.

"Mr. Dennis!"

The mate paused on the threshold, responding—"Sir?"

"Choose your man, sir ! I command you."

"Permit me to observe, Captain Hunt, that you carry your authority to an extreme. I cannot choose, sir ! You deprive me of my choice."

"Then you will not choose?"

"I cannot, sir."

"I'll choose for you, then!"

"You're at liberty to do so, sir!" And turning on his heel, the mate passed into the cabin, where he remained till summoned to take charge of the deck at eight bells.

As may be supposed, the event of the evening afforded food for discussion in both watches, that night, and its innocent cause found himself an object of much deeper interest to his hardy ship-mates than he had anticipated—an interest he had no cause to regret, since it led to an early discovery of his intrinsic worth, which soon secured him the esteem and friendship of the majority.

Seamen are proverbially the champions of the oppressed; and such—to such extent as they dared—the majority of our crew proved themselves. Yet they could do but little towards shielding the youth from the tyranny of his superior, who, though to all others gentle, was to him a most severe and exacting task-master.

While under Captain Hunt's personal supervision, poor Edwin had but few leisure moments, and all his untiring efforts to please were rewarded with sarcastic reproaches; but when, for some fancied dereliction of duty, the former essayed to punish him by detaining him on deck double-watches, his scheme was generally rendered abortive by our watch, or our officer—the former rendering his task light by performing the labor, if the latter failed to send him below, which he usually did as soon as his superior retired.

The course on the part of Mr. Dennis resulted in serious altercation with his superior, in which he acted only on the defensive, affording the latter no ground for charge of insubordination, which he several times threatened to bring.

But this sympathy for his victim only enhanced Captain Hunt's incomprehensible displeasure, until, from sneers and cutting taunts, he proceeded to blows, and poor Edwin was to feel, to its full extent, the hopeless misery in too many instances attached to the humble position of "boy-before-the-mast."

"O, dear! I wish the voyage was over, Frank!" said he, as I relieved him on the lookout at eight bells, one dark, stormy night, when off Cape St. Marys, Madagascar. "I wish this voyage was over—I'd try some other trade. I love the sea, but I can't learn to be a sailor!"

"Nonsense, Edwin! Keep a stiff upper lip, boy, and you'll be rated captain before you know it."

A mournful negative was his only response, while I continued:

"You aint bound to sail under old Hunt all your life. Let the old ship slide, as soon as her anchor's down in Batavia harbor. You needn't go alone, either, for I know two or three, besides myself, who will bear you company."

"The deuce you do! I'll trouble you for their names," growled the skipper at my elbow, grasping me roughly as he spoke.

"Hands off, Captain Hunt! What do you mean, sir?" I demanded, endeavoring to shake off his grasp.

"To teach you your duty, my man! Conspiring against my authority—were you? Ho, ho—we'll see! Mr. Dennis, let's have two brace of darbies here!"

And pinioning my arms tightly, he held me, despite my struggles, until the mate appeared with the handcuffs, when, for the first time in my life, my wrists were invested with a pair of steel bracelets.

"And you, you young wolf's whelp! Take that, you mutinous dog!" And striking Edwin a violent blow on the cheek, he collared him, and dragging him from the fore-castle, led him aft, whither I followed, handcuffed as I was.

Mr. Dennis made one attempt to interfere in behalf of his favorite, but was repulsed with so much violence, that dreading the result of the captain's rage, he requested permission to handcuff the former, as the most effectual method of effecting his rescue.

"Not till I've done with him!" hissed the captain, through his clenched teeth. "Not till I've done with him—and you dare to interfere again, at your peril! Strip, you young scoundrel!"

One moment the youth hesitated; but the furtive glance bestowed on the stern visage of his tyrant, assured him supplication would be unavailing, and without a murmur, he obeyed.

"Call all hands, Mr. Dennis!"

But Mr. Dennis had fled from the scene, taking refuge in the wheel-house, where the order failed to reach him; when, perceiving his absence, the captain repeated the order to one of the watch who were clustered in the vicinity, adding, in a louder tone:

"Let's have a signal-lantern, steward—a large one, and well trimmed, that all may witness the punishment I inflict for mutiny!"

He was obeyed, when a scene ensued which beggars description. With his own hand he bound the boy, by the thumbs, to the sheer-pole of the weather-main-rigging, and taking the end of the hawser-laid main-sheet, began to rain the blows, thick and heavy, on the shoulders of his unfortunate victim, continuing the chastisement

until his strength was spent, and the boy had become unconscious of his cruelty.

"Fainted, has he?" grinned the demon, elevating the lantern and peering into Edwin's deathlike countenance. "O ho! I'll revive him." And losing all sense of the dignity of his station, he bounced into the pantry, from which he returned in a few moments, bearing a basin, which he filled with salt water from the lee-scuppers, and returning, dashed its contents over the lacerated back and shoulders of the boy.

"Shame! shame!" exclaimed more than one spectator of the scene, and more than one hand was raised to avenge the deed, when the tortured youth, with a gasp and deep groan—the first sound wrung from his lips—betrayed his consciousness of this new infliction.

Cuning him down, Captain Hunt resigned him to the second mate, ordering him to convey us both to the run, which order the officer hastened to obey, when having seen us safely stowed below, he demanded if I required anything.

"Yes—some water for Edwin," was my reply.

"I'll send him something better, as soon as I have a chance, poor fellow!" rejoined the kind-hearted officer. And backing out of our narrow prison, he left us to ourselves.

"O, I'll have revenge for this, Frank!" groaned the boy, as soon as we were alone. "The most horrible flights of my fancy never pictured treatment like this, but I'll be revenged!"

"Nay, Edwin! You have borne much; but do not give way to temper, nor cherish dreams of vengeance. The law will redress your wrongs; whereas, if you assume the task, you will only become its victim."

"The law!" But from some cause he became silent, nor did he speak again until the steward appeared, bearing some delicacies from the pantry, and the captain's orders that I should return to the deck.

I obeyed, when he saluted me with—

"Well, my man, are you sorry for the part you played to-night?"

"Ay, sir—that I am!"

But failing to catch the true import of my reply, he turned to the mate and said:

"Off with his irons, Mr. Dennis! Let him return to his duty. And hark ye, sirrah! Don't let me catch you attempting a second conspiracy, or you'll fare worse than your confederate did this evening."

A warning pressure of the mate's hand alone prevented the outburst of withering scorn which swelled my bosom, and trembled on my tongue; while the prevailing obscurity fortunately veiled that which my countenance had else betrayed.

"You can go now; but be wary in future."

And I did go; but not, as he supposed, to my duty. No, no! I was all too deeply interested in his victim, to seek rest; and seizing upon the first opportunity, I made my way to the run, where I remained until our watch was relieved, when, deeming it unsafe to remain longer, I hastened to seek my berth.

Edwin was released from confinement at noon of the succeeding day—and then only when symptoms of fever became so clearly apparent, as to alarm his tyrant for the result. Weeks elapsed ere the boy left his hammock, and even then he was unfit for duty; but he received no favors—a fact which awakened the deepest resentment of the crew, who bound themselves, by a solemn promise, to desert the ship as soon as her anchor kissed the mud in Batavia harbor.

But that promise was destined to non-fulfilment. We had almost run our latitude up, and were edging off to the eastward for our destination, when an adverse gale set in and drove us several degrees to the southward. It was still blowing heavy, when Captain Hunt, chagrined by the event, resolved to drive her to the northward under a heavy press of sail, which he persisted in adding to, in defiance of all unfavorable prognostics, until noon of the second day, when a black squall struck the ship and hove her on her beam-ends. All attempts to right her proving vain, we cut away the masts, when finding that she continued to settle, we prepared to launch the boats.

All subordination was at an end. Every man asserted his sovereignty by acting for himself, although in concert with his fellows, and the result was soon apparent in our progress towards the desired end.

We had the boats supplied with an ample supply of provisions and water, and were about to launch them, when Captain Hunt made a last effort to enforce his commands, displaying a rather formidable array of arms about his person. But the attempt elicited only the taunts of the majority, one of whom responded to his reiterated order to "leave those boats, I say!" with:

"Shoot away, captain! But I'd advise ye to shoot us all at once, as some of the survivors may take a fancy to pay you off in your own coin."

At that instant our boat struck the water, and our watch leaped in, shoving her clear as the report of one of the captain's pistols announced the crisis.

"O ho! That's your game—is it? And here's to baulk it, my bouncing skipper!" And

the speaker hurled an iron belaying-pin, which he had snatched from the rail, at the captain's head, with which it came in contact, when the latter fell a senseless heap against the skylight.

A moment later the other boat was afloat, and her crew embarking, when the captain's antagonist having seen the last one safe, sprung on the quarter-davit, and grasping the fall, shouted, as he swung himself lightly into the boat :

"Good-by, skipper—and a pleasant passage to the bottom of old Davy's locker to ye!"

"You aint a-going to leave *him*, Sam?" demanded Edwin, bounding from his seat in the bow.

"Leavé him? To be sure I am! He'd left some of us, if his aim had only been truer."

"No, for heaven's sake don't leavé him!"

"What! you beg for favors for such a scoundrel?—for the man who almost cut your heart out? What next, I wonder? But I will leave him! Let him starve or drown, for what I care. Sam Winthrop don't trouble himself to save such cattle as he. Give way, my lads!"

"Then you leave me too!" And leaping from the boat, the young hero was nobly breasting the billows, on his return to the sinking ship, ere a soul of his messmates divined his intention.

"That boy's mad. Come back, Ed!"

But the youth's only response was to grasp the wreck and haul himself nearer the ship, which he gained only by superhuman exertion.

"Come, Edwin—don't be a fool! She'll go down before you are aware!" shouted the mate, from the stern sheets of our boat, which we held stationary at a short distance. "Jump, my lad! You must jump!"

"Never, Mr. Dennis! When she goes down, I go down with her!" And waving his hand in adieu, he turned to clamber up her inclined deck, to the spot where his tyrant lay a senseless heap.

"Give way, my lads!" said the mate, hastily, adding, as an expression of deep determination settled on his countenance: "Captain Hunt might drown a dozen times, ere I'd peril a hair of my head in his behalf. But that boy *must* be saved!"

We needed no second order, when, as the fourth stroke of the oars laid the boat alongside the sinking ship, the mate bounded from the stern sheets, and alighting on the vessel's rail, grasped the skylight as she rolled over to an even keel, and prelude to her descent.

"Back, Edwin! Lend a hand to place him in the boat, since you think so much of him!"

And half bearing, half dragging the unconscious skipper, the mate regained the rails, over which he was about to raise the body, with Ed-

win's aid, when a huge billow hove the ship and boat some ten or a dozen yards asunder.

Alarmed for their safety, we again shipped our oars, but too late; ere they dipped a second time, a second wave hove the ship stern up, when she plunged bows under, and keeling heavily to starboard, went down.

"Jump, Edwin—jump, boy!" shouted the mate, as he leaped clear of the sinking ship, with Captain Hunt in his arms; and at the last moment the youth obeyed him, disappearing beneath the surface as the ship settled from view.

Despite our utmost exertion, we were dragged into the vortex, narrowly escaping being swamped, and were still in danger from the whirling eddies which boiled around us, when the mate rose to the surface alone. Being quite near, he grasped an extended oar, demanding "where's Edwin?" as soon as he could articulate. But ere any could reply in answer, our hero made his appearance at a short distance, and a moment later the captain's head became visible in his immediate vicinity.

In less than two minutes, all three were safe in the boat, when we turned her prow from the scene, and commenced our dreary voyage in search of land or succor.

But the voyage was destined to be a short one. Ere any of the rescued trio had sufficiently recovered to enter into explanations, a large ship hove in sight, and in her cabin Captain Hunt learned from the mate's lips the particulars of his rescue. Need we add he was grateful to his preserver? Should our readers desire evidence of the fact, we beg leave to refer them to the well-known firm of Hunt, ^{of} Bray & Co., Baltimore, where, if the junior partner hesitates to trumpet his own fame, you will find the senior ever ready, and not only willing, but delighted to entertain his friend with the oft-told story of *THE SAILOR BOY'S REVENGE*.

"IS THAT ALSO THINE?"

A beautiful reply is recorded of a Dalecarlian peasant, whose master was displaying to him the grandeur of his estates. Farms, houses and forests were pointed out in succession on every hand, as the property of the rich proprietor, who summed up finally by saying: "In short, all that you see in every direction, belongs to me." The poor man looked thoughtfully for a moment, then pointing up to heaven, solemnly replied,—
"And is *that* also thine?"

WORTH.

O, how much more doth beautyauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give;
The rose looks fair, but fairer it we deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

SHAKESPEARE.